

119.
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BETWIXT THE

Groaning Board,

AND A

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DEMONSTRATING THE

Ambiguous Humour

of the one; and

CURIOSITY

of the other.

LONDON,

Printed for R. Shuter, in the Year 1692.

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[1]
A DIALOGUE betwixt the Counting Board, and a Jesuite.

Gentleman. BY your leave Gentlemen, I understand you have that wonderful Plank to be seen here, that is so nois'd through-out the whole Town, for Repartee.

Master. O Sir, the Town does too much honour it; Repartee! Alas, see it's but a board: It has indeed with Nails and Naws, delivered some bold Truths.

Gent. I have a great Curiosity to propose a few Questions to it, which by your leave, and the good Companies, may be divertive and advantageous, if you permit.

Master. With all my Heart Sir, there lies the Oracle; First, let me tell you, that as for matters of State, those things have been demanded, and resolv'd, to the satisfaction of all the Town.

Gent. Nay, Sir, if you prescribe me Rules, you wrong my fancy; besides, Oracles are not always in humour: and many a fair opportunity has been Cough'd under Ambiguous Words, and lost for want of an Exposition.

Master. Ambiguous Words? You think it's a cheat I suppose? Dr. Andrew, clap on the Irons.

Board. Ho—

Master. There's an Ambitious Hum-dum for you Sir.

Gent. 'Tis so indeed; forbear good Mr. Andrew, whilst I make use of your Master's Liberty, to propound a few questions to it.

Andrew. With all my Heart, pray Gentlemen expect but little flattery; the Plank was not bred in London, nor at Barn-Elmes neither.

Gent. Where ever thou was bred, it was not Nature, but Miracle, that gave thee language; and that thy Inspiration be not lost, or Dully-sing'd away by Mercenary hands, I do Conjure thee by that power that gave thee Tongue, to tell me what's the cause of these Elaborate Groans.

Board. O ho—, I know thou art a friend to Rome, I smell thy Beads, I can deny thee nothing. In Henry's Days I bent a lusty top: the Workman's envy, and the Proud Ax ground, my fellow-buddy then divided was, and season'd, to be Carv'd into an Altar: but Henry then declin'd, and I lay by, till Mary and St. Bonner, turned me o're: 'Twas then that Holy Man devised a Rack, and I thought worthy, for the Blessed Work; But Mary was not fit for our low days, so we resign'd her with our tears to Heaven: the Good Old Man bless'd all be had begun. But Bells being Crown'd, poor Bonner was no more: the Consecrated Engine he destroy'd; But Bonner, vertuous Bonner, chose at his Death, rather then leave the Earth before the Glorious Work of Rome was done, to leave in me a Transmigrated Soul.

Gent. No more, I durst have sworn he had been in Heaven; Ple have ten thousand Masses Sung for him.

Board. Ten Thousand, and Ten Thousand, are in vain.

Gent. What an unfortunate man was I, to make this Publick? The Bishop I am sure understood Latin, he could have answered me there.

Board. But you were kinder to this Auditory, then at your Chappel; yet let them have fair play for their money: and so pray go— Sir, if you desire any more from me.

Gent. Ave Maria, Plena Gratia.

Board. Ah, ah, ah, forbear good Sir, the Bishop never ordain'd you his Chaplain; If you will sing him a good Gentile Mass now, he will laugh at you when you have done.

Gent. This must be the Devil that answers, and he might him out, and torture him, for making use of the Reverend Bishop's name: there, Sir, there's some Holy Water for you; how like you that?

Board. I am sorry Sir, I grant you have reason, but half a pint of this, and two quarts of Brandy, will make a Caputheen sweeter to a Jesuite. Pray how can you afford this a Gallon? I am a poor man, and I am a poor man.

Gent. O never question the Rates, you shall not want, there's more for you.

Board.

Board. Now, when, will it of your Discretion Undon quickly, quickly, and kick
 out in Hungary presently; what have you more? a little from the Lamp, 'tis
 all one, whether you use a thousand or one of those.

Gent. Detracting Spirit, 'twas then of the Lamp of the Lady Zorretta's,
 which has the same operation.

Board. I know it, and begin to feel something like a turn of Reformation.

Gent. Reformation, I am abus'd, a Bishop of our Church and talk of Re-
 formation; no, no, this is the Spirit of some Schismatick Lutherine or Cal-
 ovinist; but I want not charity, though you do belief; there's more Water.

Board. O bold, good Father, I do confess I was the unfortunate Luther.

Gent. O Sir, are you so? what think you of marrying a profest Nun, and
 to deny your faith to serve your pleasure, and then defending Sexeme that
 has spread over the Christian World.

Board. A Schism Father, the Monarch said, let Faith defend it self; I
 lookt upon the Maid with vertuous thoughts, and fear'd her Innocence might
 not secure that part I lov'd (her Soul) against the Serpentine and bloody Jesuit,
 your Patron; Ignatius Lyales did not Head a Schism, but was an open Rebellion
 sure, when he propos'd ways to his Holiness, for deposing or Murdering of Princes.

Gent. Prihee no more of that, 'tis all forgiven; Ignatius was to
 blame, and Belarmin was Rash, but they are Sainted, 'le divert this,
 speak without malice, where is St. Coleman now?

Board. Why? with St. Oliver, he says there was a Trick put upon him
 for his life, and swears. There's no Truth in Man.

Gent. St. Whitebread, where is he?

Board. St. Peters and he are comparing of Notes, who most deluded the People.

Gent. St. Pickering, Good-man, where is he?

Board. St. Reveleack and he are hot in Dispute, whether he that at-
 tempts, or he that does the great Act, is most Honourable.

Gent. I am sorry there should be such Bickquerings amongst brave
 Spirits; but where is my old Friend St. Plauket?

Board. He stands to it yet, that he is as Innocent as the Child unborn,
 and though two of his Accusers which are there, swore all was true.

Gent. Who are they pray?

Board. St. Bedloe, and St. Turberville.

Gent. Those are Saints indeed; you have St. Colledge too; I sup-
 pose, pray what says he?

Board. Why faith, he speaks a great deal of Reason in his Cold fit, he
 curses the Ignoramus Jury, that would not send his Lord and Patron to
 him; he swears he has such a Plot, that he with should be King, were he but here.

Gent. Then God preserve his Lordship, said he Green, Berry, and Hill,
 how do they?

Board. Very merry; they laugh when they heard that T—— was Villard, but
 said he deserv'd it for meddling with what did not concern him; and as for Sir

they bear my forgiveness. Now Sir, I have this request to you, that you
 would give my Master your Race against Worms and Insects, which may preserve

me as well as Joseph's Breaches: I have seen three pair of them, as fresh as those
 you ware; and to be friends Merry Andrew; with a hundred brethren of nails of

the Cross; I know there are several thousands of them; the Cross it self, you'll grant,
 is in a thousand places, though it is a whole in several places too; The Virgin's

Milk, nor these, are nothing to the Spanish and Mexican Miracles; but you
 will give a reward of gold, (which is) in order to avoid further trouble,

and give reward to a man, which by your Vertu should be hindered.

Gent. Farewel Jesuit. I wish you will like you Holy Water for you
 but, and how I have been a great while in a secure him, we shall have Ten

Pounds for Hanging of him; no more of this, I shall not be so easily
 Master. 'Twere well got, but I question that mightily.

Board. There's more for you, there's more for you, there's more for you.